



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Rhode Island in Chicago - 1890

U5
26832
65

i 26822.65



Harvard College Library

FROM

..... E. C. C.

.....

.....



Rhode Island in Chicago.

PROCEEDINGS

of the

FIRST ANNUAL BANQUET AND REUNION

of the

“SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF RHODE ISLAND
IN CHICAGO AND THE NORTHWEST,”

Thursday evening, April 10th, 1890, at
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

From the
NARRAGANSETT HISTORICAL REGISTER.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.,
JAMES M. ARNOLD, Editor.
1890.



with slow running trains. But all of this we can reasonably hope to outgrow. We desire that the good work begin this evening, and that the gentlemen resolve to go immediately into training for aldermen, drainage commissioners, World's Fair officials and bank presidents, and the ladies for school and library directors, doctors, ministers and lawyers.

"Once more then, I bid you welcome. Tonight we are all Sons and Daughters of Rhode Island, and as eyes sparkle and voices blend, and heart-throb answers to heart-throb, we will resolve henceforth to aim for a loftier standard and strive most earnestly to have our lives reflect honor on our dear little mother State."

The regular toasts then followed in order.

To that of "Roger Williams, or Rhode Island in the Colonial Period," the Rev. J. G. K. McClure, responded.

He declared Roger Williams the supreme hero of Rhode Island. He was not always right in his deeds, perhaps, but he was always sincere; he was ever the very soul of fair dealing. For instance, Rhode Island, unlike her sister Colonies, is built on land honestly purchased from the Indians. What he secured for the benefit of Rhode Island proved to be for the benefit of all the New England Colonies. Though Rhode Island is little, she remembers that Greece, who furnished the world with philosophy, was little also. She is willing to be called little so long as she stands for the sovereignty of conscience.

Colonel W. A. James came next, with "General Greene, or Rhode Island in the Revolutionary Period."

Colonel James paid high tribute to the Hero of Princeton and Brandywine, and declared that while men love heroic acts and brave men, Nathaniel Greene's name shall live, ungarished and undiminished by years.

The Rev. Henry G. Perry, M. A., of the Chicago Episcopal Clergy, (a relative of Commodore Perry,) responded to "Commodore Perry, or Rhode Island in the Navy." *We have met the enemy and they are ours.*

Oliver H. Perry, the hero of Lake Erie's Battle, looms in America's history as if the instrument of Divine Providence for our delivery from foreign thralldom in the signal success under him of our rudimental Navy's Flag. He was born at the original "Perry Homestead," South Kingstown, Rhode Island, August 23d., 1785, was warranted Midshipman when 13, Commissioned Lieutenant 8 years after, made Master Commander at 27, was Post Captain Sept. 10th. 1813, earning thus his Commodore's rank virtually at the early age of 28 years, and becoming the Hero of our Western Navy. Perry was a born patriot, a sailor instinctively, and a commander by inherent will and relentless energy. In what hard school he wrought for his Country's eminent service, is best derived from consideration of the "1812 War," with Great Britain, but to *end* that of 1776. It was the climacteric appeal to arms intensified after the resistance for some thirty years to foreign power as against the fancied callow growth of independence, sought to be crushed in its "upstart crudeness" by Mother England, *now or never!* And Perry was foremost to act, of those in whose New England composition, far from Erie's distant shore, grew his giant resolve *never to yield* to such domination. It was the coming Lion Heart, — with manifest mission, in his horoscope, — the Almighty was nerving and fitting for the Commonwealth's liberation, whose largess he gloried in, and would conserve! It crystalized from the crucible of absolute right and justice. *Deus meum-que jus!* For, not of mere "might" materially, emanated that majestic determination to meet and rout the foe! And

hence, from pondering thus for his Country's oppressor to be expelled came next the thought *how* that duty could be done, and thence logically that *himself should do it*. Perry literally forced such issue! For, midwinter, 1812-13, at Newport R. I., in charge of a gunboat fleet, tired of such "shore life," he besought the arduous warfare-mission he wished so deeply, and whose result was so illustrious. As he urged his own case, "possessing an ardent desire to meet the enemies of my Country," and making "a tender of his services for the Lakes," thus he wrote for and got himself the Lake Erie Command. It seemed almost a forlorn hope.

Perry had never seen an array even of war ships for or in a battle. At the 1812 war-declaration the British Navy had the vast odds of a thousand sail, to a pitiful eighteen of the United States, and those ships of no great size, a most meagre aggregate at best, with comparatively nothing on the Lake marine. Its total insignificance was palpably such that Congress was about to be moved to put the Navy, so called, "*in ordinary*," and had done so but for naval officers Stewart and Bainbridge convincing President Madison that to do it were little short of suicidal folly, or crime against the Republic.

But a terrible crisis was upon the Country, intimidating and molesting the American frontier especially, so that action proved imperative. General Proctor and British disciplined forces allied with Tecumseh and his Indians were on the alert to attack any exposed point or settlement on the Lake within reach, and thence proceed together to sack and burn everything American. The musket, tomahawk, torch, scalping-knife, if not roasting alive at the stake, with midnight massacre, maltreatment as captives, starvation, and exposure to death in every horrid form constantly haunted and beset then, the defenceless settlers in their Western Homes. With no

evident security, affairs were steadily growing worse. No wonder they all anxiously watched for surcease of torment, some shelter and salvation, as most welcome, — *anything* to arrest if possible, the irruption of foreign and savage hostility. An account, of its day, attests the extraordinary importance of Lake Erie's conflict. It was substantially "to *determine* who should control these inland seas, and the fertile regions bordering the same, to decide the frontier settlement's fate for weal or woe. Knowing, as we did, that our force was only two thirds that of the British, in men and metal, may be well imagined the intense anxiety everyone felt who heard the roar of the cannon then deciding whether we were to leave our homes to pillage and fire, or to remain in *safety*," from blade, bullet and brand. Thus, while his unprotected countrymen were trembling with fear and apprehension, Perry appears for their relief. But, we anticipate.

As an officer, not yet 28, young Perry had procured permission to leave the Atlantic for the "far West" to meet and fight his Country's foe who was already upon the Lake and joint with the British Army in Canada. February 17th, 1813, therefore, with orders, he dispatched *one-third* of the 150 men himself enlisted at Newport, R. I., for his western work, another *third* the 19th., the rest Feb. 21st. and left his father's house, Rhode Island, next day, with his brother Alexander, whom, though but 13, he named his Second Aid, subsequently reaching Sackett's Harbor, *via* Albany, N. Y; March 3d, after a most trying journey overland. Here, till the 16th, he was kept by Chauncey who feared a British attack on his Ontario Squadron, and desired Perry's *aid* in such event. A week after found him at Buffalo giving a day extra to inspect the Black Rock Navy Yard. Thence by open sleigh over the frozen Lake he reached Erie, Pennsylvania, March

27th, 1813. Black and white oak, and chestnut trees were growing in the woods, apart, for Perry to build his fleet to whip the British with, who already had one. Five months of working weather ere fall, and cannon were to come from Buffalo, and ship-wrights from Philadelphia. A guard was extemporized of Erie villagers. Powder, guns, sails, cordage, nails, pitch and like paraphernalia for vessels, with pine plank for decking, and military stores had to be brought 500 miles at least, to render them available. And "hauling" *then* without railways or steamers, was no name for the hard pull over such primitive roads, "corduroy," or that instanced from Dayton, Ohio, to Lake Erie, so "tough" by plain and forest, the long line of trial and failure was marked by used-up vehicles left in the tenacious mire resisting all efforts to get *through*. Something like a Desert of Sahara tramp! Yet Perry, at the head of all, and responsible, as Master of the Situation, was at hand for *every* call. I state these things to demonstrate faintly what he had to *do*, even *preparing* to meet the enemy. More smiths and wrights were taken from the Militia, and Seamen made of rude Ohio river boatmen. Levies were instituted upon every bit of iron to be scrapped from neighboring smithies as most valuable, with other needed material. And all this with little official aid. As in charge, Perry worked almost alone. He could say "I have been on the station for five months without an officer of the least experience except one sailing-master." We are learning now something of the "man and the hour," thus in the light of work-a-day history, of the fighter fitting for the fray he meant to force as decisive of America's future. After a brief trip to Pittsburg in person, to procure, for his fleet building, more workmen, muskets, canvass, cannon of small calibre, ammunition, etc., returning to Erie he drove matters so that

May 23d, (in less than three months,) the gunboats were floating, and the two brigs ready to launch, each of 500 tons burden, 141 feet long, and of 20 guns. When every minute was so precious, however, word that the American Army with the Ontario Fleet was to attack the British Fort George at Niagara's outlet, nerved Perry to join Chauneey *there* May 25th, as a volunteer offering his aid. In an open four oared boat from Erie at night, against headwinds and blasts he reached Buffalo the next day. His timely help and advice in this was duly appreciated, and Perry the volunteer was reported officially as " present at every point where he could be useful, under showers of musketry." It proved him the warrior by preference, one who yearned to *meet the enemy*, and, — as he did in the end emphatically — *make him ours* ! All tended to this. The American vessels detained under Canadian Batteries, at Black Rock, were tracked out by yokes of oxen, several hundred soldiers and sailors, and, after a fortnight's steady task, taken to Buffalo. This whole float with but its 8 guns, was vigilantly followed up by the wary Finnis of the British Squadron, with a force 5 to 6 times larger than the American, to capture it. But Perry got away safely with his charge, anchoring it at Erie, June 23d. Such ceaseless toil and care told upon him severely, but he could not halt in his duties, like his difficulties, *legion*. On foot and at hand continually, he inspirited his workmen though many, like himself, suffered from the lake or malarial fever. Fully one fifth of his force was sick. But ship-building, and outfitting were continued day and night by all who *could* work, with never a complaint nor deserter, such his men's *devotion* to their young commander. For Perry is described as of great suavity, equanimity, and decision of character, with sound judgment, — qualities to endear one to his fellows al-

most invariably. Such the despatch ere July 15th, but for lack of crews, the vessels were quite ready for service. A week later seventy men arriving, "a motley set of negroes, soldiers and boys," were welcomed as a "reinforcement." But, with all this insufficiency of hands, to get over the Erie Harbor Bar seemed an insuperable difficulty. For Perry to meet the enemy had first to lift over the heavy sand bar the fleet he had built, and this too, in the face of the foe outside, and seeking to crush him in the act. But, most fortunately, August 1st, the British temporarily sailed out of sight. Then it was, with the Lake even lower than usual, and the trial greater, Perry put to use the raising apparatus, or "camels," he had provided for the experiment of *lifting over* the brigs into the deep. The *Lawrence's* artillery all charged was landed, and the next day the "camels" were applied. From daybreak Aug. 2d, till the 4th, without rest or sleep Perry was on the move. His zeal and industry so enthused others that by daylight Aug. 4th, the *Lawrence* was over the bar, and the next day the *Niagara*. "Thank God" were Perry's own words, "the other Sloop of War is over," and "in a few hours, I shall be after the enemy who is now making off." And, though half equipped, in such strait, he pursued them then, but the British fled to Malden, and he returned off Erie to anchor. August 19th, off Sandusky, to which he had sailed. Perry received on the *Lawrence* General Harrison in council, with Cass, Gaines, Croghan, and McArthur, also twenty-six Shawnee, Delaware and Wyandot chiefs, through whom the Americans sought to draw away from the British the north-western Indians. Perry and Harrison were in full accord. The General showed Put-in-Bay Harbor's superiority, which Perry made his moorage, after landing the Army Stores brought from Erie and Buffalo, and had studied the British

Navy, in Port at Malden, to deliberate upon the best way to meet and demolish the foe. Fifty men for Perry's fleet were recalled on their way to him, the last of August, a loss he sensibly felt. Harrison, however, sent him 100 volunteers, part river-men, and the rest from Kentucky, scarce knowing what a ship was, to serve as *marines*. Till Sept. 1st, Perry was so down with the fever, as to keep him off deck. By this time, the new British ship, was equipped and named *Detroit*, after the captured city. The enemy though challenged again by Perry's standing off Malden with colors set, did not accept the gage. Proctor at last, lacking army provisions, urged Barclay the British Naval Commander to *combat*, as a stave of the old song conclusively indicates :

Bold Barclay, one day,
To Proctor did say,
I'm tired of Jamaica and sherry,
So let us go down
To the new floating town,
And get some American Perry.

Much as one wished to *detail* the fierce Battle of Erie, time forbids. Suffice it — Perry Sept. 6th, defiantly stood off Malden again, full of fight. Still the enemy remained there. But, Sept. 9th, at evening, Perry gave final written orders for his squadron. They were, in brief, *to close with* the foe, assigning each American ship its opponent. His fighting burgee, of true blue bunting, bore the dying words of that noted Commander after whom was named Perry's Flag-ship, the LAWRENCE; *"Do't give up the Ship."* While on the very eve of battle, the parting phrase Perry pressed upon his *fleet officers* was that sagacious saying of Nelson the hero of Trafalgar Bay, under whom had served Barclay of the British Flag-ship *Detroit*, Perry's antagonist, *"lay your enemy*

close alongside” and “*you cannot be out of your place!*” September 10th, by sunrise, the British were sighted from the *Lawrence* approaching the American Fleet for action. Perry, though suffering yet from severe fever, on the alert, at once lifting anchor, wore ship for the foe. The fever in his system seemed mastered by intenser fervor to *meet the enemy*. “*To windward, or to leeward,*” said Perry, “*they shall fight to-day.*” The British Squadron consisted of six vessels with 63 pieces; the *Detroit* of 19 or 20 guns, and *Queen Charlotte* of 17 guns were *Ships of War* much stronger, with longer range cannon, while their consorts the *Hunter*, and the *Lady Prevost* were respectively of 10 and 13 guns besides those of the well armed *Chippewa* and *Little Belt*. The best the Americans had, were but the brigs *Lawrence*, *Niagara*, and *Caledonia*, with six small gunboats of variously 1 to 4 pieces, a total of only 54 guns. *Counting out* 100 on his sick list, Perry had less than 400 fighting men. On the other hand, the British, besides their excess of, and extra heavy ordnance and superior equipment, with skilled officers, of their men had 150 Regulars from the Royal Navy, nearly 100 Canadian sailors, 240 trained soldiers, and Indians additional as sharp-shooters, a fully effective force of 450, if not *nearly* 500 men. Such odds had Perry to *overcome*, showing why the British so confidently expected to defeat and destroy the Americans. Barclay’s calculation from the start, was with his long heavy artillery to sink Perry at a distance, while Perry’s object was to *close in* upon Barclay, and with his short-range guns make quick work of him to the death. So the conflict began, with the wind to the enemy’s advantage, and the American Gunboats not in proper place after all, Perry’s brig, the *Lawrence* bearing the battle’s brunt singly, beset by both the British heaviest ships, the *Detroit* and

Queen Charlotte, and the *Hunter*, thus finally three to one. The din and carnage together was horrible. Amid death and destruction, Perry more than maintained his own! Here, there, everywhere! He cheered his men dying at their posts. His young brother, struck as if dead, was stunned at his side. Yarnall his first Lieutenant reporting all his officers *cut down*, asked for more. They too soon fell, and *again* the request? "*I have no more officers*," answered Perry, "*you must make out by yourself*." Lieutenant Forest also, was struck down beside him. And officer Laub as he left the Surgeon's hands, was killed by a cannon shot. At the guns, when men fell, others caught Perry's eye and promptly served their stations. Officer Brooks of the Marines, crushed by a ball, the brief time he survived, asked of the battle raging above, and of his Commander's safety. The Commodore called even for the Surgeon's assistants from the cock-pit to serve at the guns, till but one was left, such the havoc on Perry's Ship.

But, where now was the *Niagara* with Elliott its Captain, whose bounden duty was to support and relieve the *Lawrence*. in such stress? To this day that query were never better met perhaps than by Perry's own exclamation, when, smoke-stained, and powder-grimed he gained the unhurt *Niagara's* deck: "*I have been sacrificed!*" Was Elliott saving himself to be "victor" possibly instead of Perry? The given order in part to Elliott was to *close in* and engage the *Queen Charlotte*, from whom, however, he had stood aloof. The *Lawrence* difficultly battling long and *alone* with the enemy's *three* weightiest warships, was so riddled and reft, with but dead and wounded aboard, that Perry, after damaging the foe all he possibly could, under such circumstances, left the ship to Yarnall with its fighting flag aloft, and taking along his Commander's Pennant, stood erect in his boat for the Amer-

icans to witness his transfer and reassure them, and thus as their chief, was rowed to the *Niagara* through showers of shot. Less those in the boat, not ten in all were left on the *Lawrence*. After three consecutive hours' hard fighting on his Ship, Perry personally helped fire the last gun from the dismantled *Lawrence*, the rest being crippled in the fray, and the vessel left a reeking useless wreck ready to sink.

On the *Niagara* at once he gave the "close-action" signal to meet the enemy directly! Pennants flew out responsive through the fleet with cheers for Perry and fresh heart! The *Niagara*, his Flag-ship now, helm up, bore straight down on the British, through their *battle-line* hard by the *Lady Provost* and *Chippewa* to larboard, and the *Detroit*, *Queen Charlotte* and *Hunter* starboard, smiting them with double-shot raking broadsides right and left, and then forging ahead, to right about, again pouring into both the *Charlotte* and *Detroit* a ruinous fire. Yells, groans and crash of matter resulted; while now, for the nonce and first time, excepting the helpless *Lawrence*, all the American craft got in its deadly work, so that within ten minutes after Perry broke the British line, the enemy *surrendered*, nearly surrounded by the Yankee Flotilla. Barclay the brave Briton, who at Trafalgar had lost an arm, was so wounded in this combat as to cost him the other. He reported his dead and wounded as 135, though Perry estimated it nearer two hundred.

The American dead and wounded were 123. Two prominent facts are notably memorable, that Perry's was the first *American* fleet ever thus to *meet* an *enemy* in line of battle. And in English Naval experience this *British* Fleet was the *first* ever *captured*. So the prime victory was our own, *American*, with Oliver Hazard Perry, its hero! I must close.

But a word more, of "Rhode Island in the Navy," especially of her gallant sons. It is claimed of our 400 active *men* in that Erie Fleet, *one half* was from Rhode Island, and *one-half* the *officers* from there also. Perry commanded first the *Lawrence*, then the *Niagara*, in person, so that 5 of such 8 officers of Ships were Rhode Islanders; and these five fighting sons of "Little Rhody" commanded 47 of the entire American Squadron's 54 guns, that is *every gun but seven* in that whole Yankee Fleet. Match it, world wide, who can? I recall my relative, a kinsman as well of Commodore Perry, Captain Stephen Champlin of the *Scorpion*, (who fired the first and last American gun of the Battle,) saying how few realized the immense labor of *creating* that Fleet; and of my father the Rev. Dr. G. B. Perry, a native Rhode Islander, his kinsman also, in their conversation, remarking *what* Rhode Island *was* in the Navy, from its very initiative and exemplified. For from Rhode Island emanated the *idea* and the *act* for a *National Navy*; as witness its General Assembly's resolution August 1775, to move Congress "for a fleet of sufficient force for protection of the Colonies," to be built; which, Oct. 3d, being laid before Congress, in December following the organization of a fleet was ordered with its Commander-in-chief, 4 Captains, and 10 Lieutenants, 14 subordinate officers thus, of which the said chief, two Captains, and seven sub-officers were from Rhode Island. That Chief, first as Admiral in the United States, was Esek Hopkins, a Rhode Islander. And under him, our *First Fleet* sailed from the Delaware's mouth Feb'y, 1776, and March 3d, took New Providence of the Bahamas, and captured two armed vessels also, returning North to New London, Conn., with a big bulk of military stores and cannon, very valuable in those scarce times. So the *first* American Fleet ever at sea

was officered and manned mostly by Rhode Island men; and, thirty-seven years thereafter, "Perry's Victory" signalized the first American Fleet's vanquishing a hostile force, as on Lake Erie. Commodores Whipple and Talbot prominent in the War of the Revolution, were of Rhode Island also.

From the *Gaspee's* demolition, 1772, as the very first blow in America against Great Britain's power, Rhode Island led the van as indicated till September 10th, 1813, at four o'clock afternoon, her honored son, Oliver Hazard Perry, as the hero of Lake Erie's bloody contest for his Country's rights, tersely told his distinguished defeat of the British with their terrorizing control hitherto of the American Lake Marine and frontier: "*We have met the enemy, and they are ours!*" This example of the ages splendid, comes to us fraught with Perry the warrior's patriotism, and deference withal to his Maker, shown ere his brief despatch to General Harrison, in that officially to the Secretary of Navy: —

It has pleased the Almighty to give to the Arms of the United States a signal victory over their enemies on this Lake!"

Rhode Island of the Union, in Perry had extended the mailed hand of help to the far West. He craved to go there to fight for, and deliver the needy thus jeopardized; and to *conquer* the foe. And, permitted to, he next had *impelled* both work and material, to build and man his fleet, as he did. Then, fever-stricken, forthwith, but indomitable as rock-ribbed hill of his native Rhode Island, *meeting the enemy* finally *he won* the day against all odds in battle-gage. From first "the wish was father to *that thought*" in very *deed to meet the foe!* Born to him, New Year of 1813, maturing in transfer from Rhode Island through the wide wilderness to Pennsylvania and Ohio, manifest in his naval prowess on Lake Erie,

and immortalized in battle-gore and deathless fame of final triumph to his Country's complete success, under God, was Oliver Hazard Perry's *victorious*, WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY, AND THEY ARE OURS!!!"

To the next toast Thomas B. Bryan responded; "The World's Fair and Columbus Celebration."

"Modern philosophers and scientists assert that not further back than the tertiary period primitive man was speechless. It is claimed that in those olden times the mouth of man, like that of other land mammals, was used for the seizing and mastication of food, but with no power of utterance; for instance, no power to say Grace at the beginning of a feast or to respond to a toast at its close. There may still be extreme lovers of science, the voluntary deaf and dumb, whose only utterance is a snarl and who regret that the development to the organs of speech have kept pace with the evolution of the mental faculties. But if there is one pre-eminent virtue or blessing of speech that might commend itself even to such a close-mouthed and close-eared cynic, it is the power to give expression to gratitude.

"To such expression the time allotted me shall be devoted.

"Thanks are due to that grand old founder and law-giver of Rhode Island, whose lofty sense of justice rebelled against the alleged right even of kings to despoil Indians of their lands without purchase. Few nobler characters grace the annals of history than Roger Williams, justly pronounced 'from the whole course and tenor of his life and conduct to have been one of the most disinterested men that ever lived, — most pious and heavenly minded soul.'

Thanks are due to the forty-three Governors, who, thus far, with the whole people of Rhode Island, have cherished

ocean, but she is a famous dealer in gems and jewels, it being declared that she has more wealth to the square mile than has any other American Commonwealth.

“But of what jewels can she boast at all equal to her sons? And how specially bright they seem in a Chicago setting? May I not be pardoned for reducing the thought to the form of an epigram:

“Some colors with others imperceptibly blend,
Some tones unto others sweet harmony lend,
Adoption, oft gains with no trace of alloy,
Rhode Island’s best sons are now thine Illinois.

The Rev. Herrick Johnson, D. D., then took “New York” for a theme. He was in a sort of triangle, he said, — New York, Rhode Island, and Chicago. He had a little of each, and was in love with all. He told of a boy who had “tored his clothes,” and said he would soon be getting “toward his close.”

Rhode Island had grown some things that were as large as you can find anywhere. It had some men on its roll that could not be duplicated, — Greene, Commodore Perry, and Burnside. The latter seemed to him the ideal General. Rhode Island was rather a wet State, but wet only with wholesome salt water. Plenty of Baptists there. There was pretty near everything there. The State was a good deal like London. It drew everything.

“As for New York,” said the Doctor, “you must excuse that little World’s Fair by-play. They didn’t want it, not at all; they merely wanted to urge the Chicagoans to extra exertion.”

New York and Rhode Island had this in common — they both had some of the Dutch. They also had the two fines

the memory and striven to profit by the wise counsels of that illustrious founder of their Commonwealth.

On this occasion it is alike our privilege and our pleasure to return thanks to Rhode Island, and especially to her able Representatives in Congress for their disinterested and generous support of Chicago's claim to the Columbian Exposition. In view of Rhode Island's proximity and close business relations to New York, that united Congressional support was most gracious to Chicago and entitled to her grateful appreciation.

It were derelict in me to omit the expression of my own thanks for courtesies shown me on occasion of my visit to Providence in behalf of Chicago. Arriving in the night, the warnings of New York papers and New York partisans were brought to my notice to the effect that before the close of the next day's discussion in the Convention Chicago's Representatives would wish that they had never been born. This startling semi-savage announcement, was calculated to give the night-mare to one who had been practicing in vain to properly pronounce the names of two of the streams having their confluence in Providence: Moosshassuak and Woonasquatucket. It has been ever since a source of rejoicing and gratitude on my part that the good people of Providence proved the following day to be so hospitably inclined, and so genuinely cordial to the stranger as to disabuse his mind completely of the threatened tomahawking.

Again, Mr. President, thanks are due to Rhode Island for the noble contribution of her sons in our inter-oceanic city. This, of course, includes her daughters, for, with man's characteristic impudence, the word sons includes the daughters, but the word daughters never includes the sons. Rhode Island is not only in herself, like Columbia, a gem of the

harbors on the American Coast. And the two finest watering-places. New Yorkers could go to Newport for the onward wash, and Rhode Island people could go to Saratoga for the inward wash. The little giant and the big giant, hand in hand.

The Doctor then spoke of the action of the little State in adopting the Constitution, and wondered what would have happened if she hadn't.

"God bless the little State that made the Union perfect," he said.

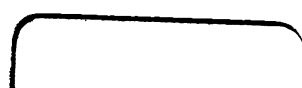
A number of letters were then read from prominent Rhode Islanders. One from the President of Brown University, E. B. Andrews; N. F. Dixon, and others.

Other toasts were: "Brown University," by the Rev. E. D. Burr: "Clam Bakes and Shark Fishing in Narragansett Bay," J. L. Lincoln, Jr., and "Industries of Rhode Island," by Professor O. S. Westcott.

The Officers of the Rhode Island Association, in Chicago, and of the Northwest, are: *President*, H. B. Cragin; *Vice Presidents*, Joseph T. Bowen, David Fales, William A. James, Charles J. Mauran, John L. Lincoln, Jr.; *Secretary*, Henry T. Chace; *Treasurer*, Henry A. Taylor; *Executive Committee*, William A. Angell, Elmer L. Corthell, William P. Cragin, Richard Waterman, C. S. Weaver; *Membership Committee*, John N. Francis, William H. French, William R. Bogert, C. P. Walcott, Henry C. Eddy.

The Secretary's address is No. 110 South Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.





US 26832.65
Rhode Island in Chicago;
Widener Library 006641828



3 2044 086 424 934